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MOB'S OWN STORY IN DETAIL

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***Section of Big Crowd Waiting to View
Frank's Body***

Photo by Francis E. Price.

Some of the thousands of men, women and children gathered at the Funeral Parlors of Greenberg & Bond, and between 2:30 in the afternoon and 7 o'Clock in the evening, they filed past the body.

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How Plans Were Formed

***And Put Into
Execution
Without
Slightest Hitch***

**THOUSANDS VIEW
BODY**

**Men, Women, and Children
March Past Cas-**

**ket in Undertaking Parlors—
Crowd Grows**

**Threatening When Refused
Permission to**

**See Body—Remains Taken to
Brooklyn at**

**Midnight Following Services
in Chapel.**

After having been viewed by many thousands of men, women, and children as it lay in the undertaking Parlors of Greenberg & Bond, the body of Leo M. Frank is now En Route to Brooklyn, where the Funeral Exercises will be held. On the same train are Mrs. Frank, Alexander Marcus, her Brother-In-Law, Rabbi David Marx and several other friends of the family.

Although it was first attempted to prevent the public from seeing the body of the dead man, the threatening nature of the crowd, which gathered at the Undertaking Parlors, led to the Decision that it would be best to admit the public, under Police Supervision.

Full details of the laying of the plans for the removal of Frank from Milledgeville and their successful culmination were disclosed Tuesday.

STORY OF HOW MOB LYNCHED FRANK.

“The public will never know the identities of the 25 brave and loyal men who took into their own hands the Execution of a Law that had been stripped from them by Governor Slaton. I would not advise inquisitive Authorities or persons to try to reveal them. They are so zealously banded together now, and as relentless, as the moment they invade the State Prison.”

This was the Statement of a Citizen of Marietta to a Reporter for *The Constitution* Tuesday afternoon. He was thoroughly aware of the movements of the lynching Clansmen, of the Process of Organization, of their plans, and of their painstaking system of advance preparations. He would neither admit nor deny that he was a Member of the Mob.

“The men who hanged Leo Frank, the murderer of Mary Phagan, did not go about it with a Spirit of Lawlessness nor vindictiveness. They felt it a duty—a duty to their State and Commonwealth, a duty to the memory of Mary Phagan, whom all Cobb County loved, and whose memory is cherished in every Household in the Hills you see over there to the West.”

FIRST PLANNED FOR MONTHS AGO.

“They would have lynched him more than a month ago if some one hadn’t got careless and permitted a ‘leak.’ Governor Harris was apprised of the plans and ordered the Militia to be in readiness. That was the day when the County Police were scouting in the edge of Fulton and Cobb Counties on the lookout for Automobiles from Marietta.”

“Governor Harris and the Military Authorities no doubt received widespread censure for this apparently unnecessary action, but if the truth were known, it gave Leo Frank at least one month of grace, he would not have received from the hands of the men who were about to go to Milledgeville for him.”

“Ever since the day Governor Slaton commuted the Sentence of Frank, this morning’s Hanging has been in Process of Formulation. Minute and Definite Plans were drawn, and there was not a missing thread from the fabric of the perfected scheme when the twenty-five men set out early last night on their Journey to Milledgeville.”

PROMINENT MAN

CHOSEN AS LEADER.

“Meetings were held in a spot so conspicuous that you would be astonished to hear its name called. A leader was chosen, a man who bears as reputable a name as you would ever hear in a Lawful Community. He was a man respected and honored. Hundreds of men would obey him—the twenty-five would have gone through hell and high water with him.”

“The chosen twenty-five (although this wasn’t the entire number available) were men whose worth was known, collectively and individually. I doubt that you would find anywhere a body of men more loyal, faithful, obedient and determined. They were resolved to bear whatever burdens arose, as though it fell upon individual shoulders, and to go through with their plans at any Cost.”

“They were Business-like, as well as determined. Like Business Ventures, they would not go into it without first knowing every ‘lay

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of the ground,’ and every detail so far as could be foreseen. The Business of getting the men was the first undertaking. This was done only after a good deal of sifting and weeding.”

“I have learned from my father, and from those of my various kin who served in the Reconstruction days, the modes and methods of the Kuklux. But even that Noble Institution, for perfection of organization, determination and daring, could not equal this modern exploit, done in the interest of a Justice of which we had been denied by the man we put into Office.”

GRIM VINDICATION

MISSION OF MOM.

“In the first place, the Organization of the Body who lynched Frank was more open than mysterious. It was more on the Order of a plain, ‘open-and-shut’ Business Proposition. The purpose of the Kuklux, was more to overawe and frighten than anything else. The determination of the men who brought retribution to the memory of Mary Phagan was of grim vindication even if at extreme peril.”

“When the Business of Organization was finished the next object was to fully acquaint themselves with conditions and contingencies in Milledgeville, the first Seat of Action. Advance men were sent to the scene. They went in Automobiles that they might familiarize themselves with the Roadways and draw maps of them.”

“In Milledgeville, they made thorough observations of the Prison Grounds, took into contemplation the barbed-wire entanglements, made themselves acquainted with the Telegraph and Telephone Connections, and made intimate inspection of all inroads and outlets to the town.”

“The plans were perfect when the Hour came to strike.”

TWO MEN SENT

IN ADVANCE.

“Two men were sent in advance of the main body. They were to reconnoiter and to sever Telegraphic and Telephonic Communications with the outside world, so that Milledgeville

Authorities could not notify other Townships to intercept them as they carried Frank to the place selected as the scene of his Death.”

“Early Monday night the Automobiles assigned to the Journey were sent along their Respective Routes to pick up the Chosen men. Even the wives of hardly any of them were aware of their Departure. The Automobiles slid up quietly to the Front of the Houses, a signal given, and the man joined them.”

“And when they returned to their beds in the break of Tuesday’s dawn it is doubtful that if any Members of their 25 Households knew that they had been absent after midnight. It won’t be possible to disclose the identities of the ‘25’—even through their wives or children.”

CIRCUITOUS ROUTES USED.

“The men who proceeded to Milledgeville never grouped until they reached the outskirts of the town. They took a Circuitous Route so as to avoid the muchly traveled roads and larger towns. Approaching Milledgeville, a Car was sent ahead to inform the ‘advance’ men who were to cut off communication.”

“The wires severed, the two men joined the main body and proceeded with them to the Prison. Every Procedure was calculated to a fine point. It was all carefully planned and equally as carefully and painstakingly executed.”

“No one was to speak excepting the leader. He was to have absolute Direction. They obeyed him to a man. His word was a Law that knew no denying. They would have shot Leo Frank on the spot—or released him—at his Command. It was this thorough

understanding that was largely responsible for the progress of the undertaking without mishap.”

“Equipped with maps of the Roads which offered speedy travel and the least possibility of encounter, the Automobiles traveled at High Speed to Roswell, and thence to Marietta. Every man was fully armed and, had it come to a question of a fight, there wasn’t one among them who wouldn’t have given his own life’s blood as quickly and readily as he joined to shed Frank’s.”

OVERTAKEN BY DAYBREAK.

“It was originally planned to carry Frank to the Cemetery in which Mary Phagan’s body is buried, but Daybreak overtook his Captors. They were speeding over the Road that leads to Marietta in the neighborhood of Mary’s birthplace when the sun mounted the Horizon. There was no little dissension over the proposal to hold the lynching in the Frey vicinity, the more daring Members of the Clan wishing to carry out their First Plans and continue boldly to the Grave of his victim.”

“But a word from the leader silenced all opposition, and Mary Phagan’s Death was vindicated in the same Grove where she used to play when a barefoot girl, long before she ever dreamed of going to work in the Pencil Factory.”

“But I would also like to talk with some one who can give me more explicit details,” said the Reporter when the Marietta man’s description was finished.

<i>WHERE FRANK WAS</i>

HANGED

Photo By Francis E. Price.

Entrance to clump of woods in which Leo M. Frank's body was found hanging. The path to the scene of the lynching is to be seen directly behind the man and the boy in the Center of the Picture.

"In that case," he answered, gravely, as though considering possibilities, "I would refer you to -," and he named a man of prominence, who is not unknown even outside of Cobb County.

The Reporter went to Mr.-.

"Nobody will ever know that outside of the men who were actually present," was the reply to the Reporter.

"Not even what Frank said before he died?" insisted the Reporter.

"He never confessed," was the reply.

THOUSANDS

VIEW BODY.

From the moment that it became known yesterday morning that the body of Leo M. Frank had been taken to the Undertaking Establishment of Greenberg & Bond, until after nightfall thousands of morbidly curious besieged the Building at Houston and Ivy Streets to get a glimpse of the body.

It is estimated that over 15,000 people viewed the body of Frank. People who counted the stream of humanity that surged through the Doors stated that from 50 to 60 per minute walked

past the body continuously from early in the afternoon until 8 o'Clock last night.

When the first hundreds began to swell to the thousands at the Undertakers' Establishment yesterday at noon they found the place open to their inspection, but the body of Frank nowhere to be found. It was announced that the body had been removed to a Private Residence in the City.

BODY CONCEALED

IN GARAGE.

Early in the afternoon, it was discovered that the body was concealed in the Garage in the rear of the Undertaking Establishment. When this news spread the crowd threatened to break down the Doors, and it finally became necessary to remove the body into the Undertaking Building and allow the crowds to see it.

About fifty Policemen, under command of the Captain Dobbs, maintained Order at the Undertakers. These were later re-enforced by a score of Sanitary Officers who were deputized for the purpose as Police Officers.

In the curious crowd were hundreds of women and children.

In the afternoon, the crush became so terrific that Acting Mayor I.N. Ragsdale mounted the balustrade of the Front Porch of the Building and warned the crowd for several hours to preserve Order and be careful not to crush women and children.

NO SERIOUS

DISORDER.

With the Exception of smashing a window in the Garage in an attempt to see the body, there was no Disorder. No serious injuries were reported.

After 8 o’Clock last night, the public were barred from witnessing the body of Frank. Only a few prominent Members of the B’nai B’rith, of which Frank was President before and during his trial, kept the vigil as the body was being embalmed last night.

APPEALS

FOR ORDER.

Mayor Pro Tem. I.N. Ragsdale, following the Demonstration at the Auto Garage, addressed the throngs from the Porch Banisters at the Chapel, urging them to be orderly to protect the good name of Atlanta.

“I want to plead with you Gentlemen,” said the Mayor Pro Tem., “to be orderly and quiet, and thus protect the good name of our great City.”

The mayor Pro Tem, again and again pleaded with the crowds which eagerly pressed the line of Uniformed Police and in the end was able to get the masses lined up on the sidewalk and street in front of the Chapel.

When the people realized that they would be allowed to see Frank’s body, they appeared to be satisfied to stand in line and take their turn.

All women who wished to enter the Chapel were allowed to pass on the right side of the Cordon of Police, and the men passed on the left.

CHILDREN IN TEARS.

Two small girls, in dresses scarcely below their knees, and hardly over 12 years of age, unescorted, filed past the Casket. As their eyes fell upon the White Sheet which covered Frank's body, they raised their handkerchief to their eyes, from which tears rolled, as they turned away their faces and passed by the Casket without viewing the face of Frank.

Another woman, as she caught sight of the casket from a distance of several places, turned pale, and wheeling in her tracks, ran back out of the Doorway in which she had entered. On the Front Porch, before the eyes of fully 1,500 persons, she took a White Handkerchief from her Pocketbook and held it to her face.

MANY WOMEN UNMOVED.

Scores of women filed past the Casket without so much as a look of horror on their faces as their eyes fell upon the dead man's visage.

However, when one young man leaned over the side of the Casket to look into Frank's half-closed eyes, the Stony Death-Stare of the Prisoner's Pupils caused her to jerk backwards while her otherwise fair face was distorted with horror. She was pushed along by those who crowded behind her.

Notable among those to view Frank's body was City Detective John Black, who arrested Frank on Tuesday morning following the murder of Mary Phagan.

Long after 7 o'Clock last night when Police Chief Mayo closed the Doors of the Undertakers to outsiders, a large crowd lingered about the Building.

MOTION PICTURES OF EVENTS.

Throughout the entire afternoon the Camera Man was busy on the scene snapping views of the masses of people. Several moving Picture Camera Men were also on hand and moving Pictures, which probably will be shown over the entire nation, were taken of the crowds before the Undertaker, the removal of Frank's body from the Garage, and crowds at Marietta. Last night, a Moving Picture Camera Man left by Automobile for Milledgeville, Ga., to take Pictures early this morning of the State Prison Farm, where Frank was a "lifer."

For 25 cents each, Mercenary Photographers, who had motored to the murder scene near Marietta, sold hundreds of Pictures of Frank's body suspended in the air by the Grass Rope.

MAYO ADVISES PATROLMEN.

Chief of Police W. M. Mayo issued instructions to Patrolmen on the Evening Watch at Police Headquarters Tuesday afternoon that they be especially vigilant during the present excitement over the lynching of Frank.

Chief Mayo stated that he understood that several men on the force had received Souvenirs of the Tuesday morning occurrence and requested that they take them home and not carry them on their persons.

“If there is anything which you men should not do,” stated the Chief, “it is to take part in the talk which is going on around here, and to take sides.

“I want all of you to be especially vigilant and see that the laws are strictly enforced.”

PARTLY LEAVES

FOR BROOKLYN.

The body of Frank left Atlanta for Brooklyn on Board Southern Passenger Train No. 36 at 12:01 o’Clock Wednesday morning, accompanied by Mrs. Frank, Alex Marcus, her Brother-In-Law, Rabbi David Marx, Harry Alexander and Herbert Haas.

On request of Mrs. Frank no Funeral Services were held at the Chapel of Greenberg & Bond. They will be held upon their arrival at New York.

The remains of Frank were taken from the Undertakers at 11:20 o’Clock and carried in an Automobile Hearse to the Terminal Station, where they were placed on Board the Train.

Chief of Police W. M. Mayo and Policeman Handy accompanied the Hearse. At the Station, it was met by a Squad of Police under the Leadership of Captain A.L. Poole.

Contrary to expectations, there were only a few people waiting. Among those at the Station were Police Commissioner Bill Fain, Chief Mayo, Assistant Chief Jett and several close Personal friends of the dead man and his family.

Mrs. Frank was dressed in deep mourning.

A coincidence in the Departure of the Train bearing Frank Wednesday morning was that on a track, but parallel with the

Baggage Car in which the coffin was placed, stood the Pullman Car Valdosta, in the Drawing Room of which Frank left Atlanta secretly to be placed in the State Prison Farm the latter part of July.

DISCOVERY OF BODY.

Dangling in a Grove within a stone's throw of the hillside birthplace of Mary Phagan, the body of Leo M. Frank, lynched by a Mob, perfect in its precision and organization, was cut down at Marietta yesterday morning while threats of Cremation were being made by Members of the big crowd present.

Hurried to the village Square—two miles distant—in an Undertaker's wagon, attached to horses that were driven so furiously that the foam flecked from their lips, the body was then transferred to an Automobile, resting lengthwise across the tonneau, and rushed to Atlanta, followed by a trail of Automobilists.

Attempts were made by Telephone to intercept the Machine, but to no avail, an Undertaker's Ambulance meeting the Corpse-bearing Machine at the Outskirts of the City, and conveying the body in safety to Greenberg & Bond's Undertaking Establishment in

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MOB'S OWN STORY

TOLD

IN DETAIL

Continued from Page Two.

Atlanta. It was there embalmed, after being witnessed by thousands of people, and at midnight as carried to the Depot and put on Train to Brooklyn, where Funeral and Burial will be held.

No violence other than strangulation was committed upon the body by the Lynchers. Despite Reports that it had been riddled by Bullets, not a mark except upon the throat was visible when it was cut down. After it fell to the ground, the foot of a frenzied onlooker was ground into the face, badly distorting the features, and adding to the discoloration caused by Blood Congelation.

NO ARRESTS

YET MADE.

No arrests have been made. Governor Harris has instructed Officials of Cobb County to exert every effort to apprehend the

Lynchers, but no State nor County rewards have been offered. It was stated at the Governor's Office yesterday afternoon late that no Application for Reward had been made as of yet.

The Death of Frank was the outcome of weeks of deliberate Study and planning. It was executed with Businesslike skill and precision. The victim, fully conscious and aware of his impending fate, was transported more than 100 miles.

Frank was taken from the State Prison Farm at Milledgeville shortly after 10 o'Clock Monday night, after the Prison Authorities had been overpowered, was thrown into an Automobile and hastened over Country Roads in a manner so orderly that even in Marietta, no one knew of the Enactment until a voice, coming over the Telephone to Deputy Sheriff L. Hicks at the Break of Dawn, said:

"Leo Frank's Hanging to a limb down here in the Frey gin neighborhood."

The Deputy Sheriff hastily donned his clothes, and in a buggy, travelled to the spot. He had been preceded by a score of others, one of whom, William Frey, Owner and Operator of the gin, had seen the solemn Procession file along the Road. They were standing in a Circle beneath the grewsome find, which swung in the light breeze, still warm and bleeding.

THOUSANDS GATHER

AT SCENE.

The town and countryside hurried down in rigs and Automobiles and gazed with awe, some of them; some with exultation, not a few with horror, and many with complacency

upon the ghastly remains of Leo M. Frank as they swayed from the tree.

Many of them pursued the little Ford Machine as it raced Atlantaward from the Undertaking Shop, where the Wicker Basket containing the Corpse was transferred from the Hearse to Auto for the Dash into the City as further precaution.

The hundreds of morbidly curious then being deprived of the hideous spectacle, withdrew and congregated around “Fiddlin’ John” Carson, who has turned up with his Fiddle at every Frank Development within a radius of thirty miles at Marietta since the day Mary Phagan’s body was discovered, as he stood in front of the Courthouse and fiddled a Symphonic Jubilee.

What excitement existed in Marietta was in the morning during the time the body dangled in the Frey gin Grove, and the few remaining hours until noon after the Corpse had been sped out of town. After that, one would never have known that there had been the least untoward incident.

“FIDDLIN’ JOHN”

PLAYS.

“Fiddlin’ John Carson swayed the crowds when they were deprived of the Picture of the slain man swinging in the Heart of the woodland. “Fiddlin’ John” is a lanky Mountaineer, who lacks a number of teeth, which doesn’t seem to impair his vocal aspirations.

In his Repertoire of Folk Songs, he has one that is adapted to a quaint, rural hymn and has for its words a narrative of the murder of Mary Phagan “by Leo M. Frank, the President of the Pencil Factory.”

“Fiddling’ John” would fiddle and sing his song in a typical nasal twang, and he could be heard to the Center of the Square, around which were grouped hundreds of Automobiles, Buggies, and Mountain Transports of the “schooner” variety, which were wagons covered with Canvas over arched Framework.

The crowd would cheer and applaud him lustily, and, inspired by this show of Appreciation, he would repeat his song, over and over again. Presently, when his Hearers began to tire of the same tune, he deserted it, and replaced it with such well-known selections as “Little Old Log Cabin by the Lane,” “Annie Laurie,” “That Good Old-Time Religion”, and “Mr. Shirley, the Furniture Man.”

“Fiddlin’ John,” the Troubadour of the mountains, basked in “Reflected Glory,” and it was not until the Courthouse crowds began to tire of his songs and fiddle that he departed, reluctantly.

NO BITTERNESS

APPARENT.

The absence of bitterness was another stamp of Marietta’s conduct during the afternoon. The early morning, however, was not without its Demonstration. The hundreds who had flocked to the scene of the Tragedy witnessed the most pronounced incident of the day, the Outbreak that, for a time, forebode either Cremation or further Mutilation of the swinging body.

Men and women were congregated thickly around the tree-encircled Amphitheater, gazing upon the grim spectacle upon the yellow hemp.

Down the Road upon which the Lynchers came and went there came a man, hatless, and coatless. He had fired the entire contents of his Pistol into the air in fanatic Jubilation.

He raced into the assemblage, pushed into the Center and threw himself wildly upon his knees, ranting to the heavens and shouting incoherently. Mumbles began to run through the crowd, and women began to edge toward the outskirts of the gathering, where it would be safer.

The man produced the Pistol he had been firing and proceeded to reload it. Deputy Sheriff Hicks, who had been standing by, jumped into the open space beside the man and put a deterring hand upon his shoulder.

“Here,” he remonstrated. “You’re the hardest man to satisfy I ever saw.”

URGES

CREMATION.

Deterred from firing his Bullets into the body, the man began to urge Cremation—“absolute extinction of all that remained of the man that killed our little girl.” The idea spread through the more excitable Members of the gathering.

For a moment, it looked as though Cremation would be inevitable. Ex-Judge Newton A. Morris, the man who rescued Detective William J. Burns from the hands of an angry Mob of Cobb Countians, jumped to a nearby stump and cried out to the crowd:

“Mary Phagan has been vindicated. We need no more such work.”

The ex-Judge took in the situation; then with a forceful manner offered to put it to a vote:

“Those of you who want to permit the body to remain fit for burial, raise your hands.”

Most of the hands went at once into the air.

“Now, those who want to burn it.”

The hands of the hysterical man went up.

The Village Undertaker had driven up with his little black wagon. He had driven it through the crowd until it projected into the cleared space that lay beneath the dangling body.

“Hurry up, there,” commanded Judge Morris, who had assumed command of the situation.

BODY FALLS TO GROUND.

The Former Judge opened his Pocket Knife and slashed the rope. The body fell to the ground, crumpling, as the muscles relaxed from their long suspension.

The crowd surged forward. The Undertaker and his Assistants hurriedly bundled it into the Wicker Basket. As it was shoved into the black wagon, a Newspaper Photographer arrived.

“Just a minute, please, let me get a Photograph!” he pleaded.

“Get away from here,” retorted Judge Morris. “This isn’t any time for morbid Sensationalism.”

The black wagon was surrounded.

“Drive away from here right now,” ordered Judge Morris.

WAGON PURSUED

BY CROWD.

As the wagon went up the Road, men and boys jumped into Automobiles and pursued it. It was originally proposed to carry the body to the Marietta Undertaking Establishment, where it would be held pending advice from Frank’s Relatives.

Arrived at the Undertaker’s though, it was seen that there would be a Demonstration. Judge Morris commandeered a nearby car. The Basket was thrown upon the tonneau, and, just as the pursuing Machines were coming into view, hurried toward Atlanta.

MILLEDGEVILLE QUIET

WHEN MOB ARRIVED.

It was 10:30 when the seven Automobiles conveying the lynching crew reached the Prison near Milledgeville. The two Guards, who kept an outer vigil in front of the Building, were not aware of the Procession until the Machines drew up at the front of the Building.

The Guards became active when the Occupants began to jump from their cars, and raised their guns at the first scent of trouble. They had hardly lifted their rifles, though, before sturdy, able-bodied men had overpowered them, gagged them, and left them in charge of four of the Lynchers. Most of the Mob remained on the outside, while six men entered the Prison Grounds.

The barbed wire entanglements that surround the Prison were snipped in twain by Electrician’s Pliers. These tools had been

brought after a careful Study of the Grounds made by “advance men” sent ahead of the Lynchers.

MASKED LEADER

AHEAD OF MOB.

The Entrance to the Prison Building was the first point of invasion. A thickly built man, wearing a mask, who strode in front of the handful of men who followed him, rapped vigorously upon the Door, giving a guttural outcry as his knuckles fell.

Superintendent J.N. Burke was preparing to retire at his home, 300 yards distant from the Prison Building, when summoned to his Door.

The invaders pushed in and the arms of the Superintendent were pinioned to his side. He was disarmed and a demand was made for the keys to the Inner Prison. When the keys were turned over to the masked leader Burke was handcuffed and forced to march into the Building at the head of the body.

Meanwhile, a group of five men had gone to the Home of Warden James E. Smith, near the Prison Building, and, as he appeared at the Door, thrust rifles and revolvers in his face, informing him that they “meant business,” and had come for Leo M. Frank. Mrs. Smith, hearing the commotion, sprang from her bedroom. Running into the Hallway, she faced the array of weapons. She fainted in the arms of her husband, after entreating the Lynchers not to harm him.

“No, ma’am; we ain’t goin’ to touch him if he acts right,” she was told by a gaunt man who wore no mask.”

WARDEN FORCED

TO LEAD THE WAY.

The warden was compelled to lead the men to the main building, where the first group was joined. The two inner guards, when confronted, put up a feeble resistance, but were quickly overpowered. Handcuffs were worn by both the Warden and his Superintendent.

Entering the room occupied by Frank, he was awakened by a bitter exclamation from the leader. Hardly had his eyes opened than he was grabbed by the wrists, and the fingers of the second masked man sank into his hair, clutching a handful and pulling him in this manner out of bed.

Frank groaned in pain. The men snapped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists and began making for the Door. The capture was so orderly that but few Prisoners—and only those adjacent to the emptied bunk—were disturbed in their sleep.

When the Captors had reached the entrance, Warden Smith and the Superintendent still at their head, the Superintendent was asked to go along with them.

“I’ll be damned if I go anywhere with you,” he replied vehemently.

Just for this caustic retort, the Lynchers permitted Burke to remain manacled, while they released the wrists of the Warden.

The Machines stood at the curb, their engines running ready for a speedy getaway. The men who were keeping Guard over the overpowered Sentries stood at their posts, one of them lighting a cigarette. The seven Machines almost simultaneously veered into the Road and shot toward Eatonton. Frank, his half-wakened mind still unable to grasp the full purport of his captivity, was stretched in the tonneau of the first Machine, and he mumbled incoherently.

EFFORTS MADE TO GIVE ALARM.

Barely had the tall lamps of the fleeing cars merged into the darkness than the Prison Authorities hurried to give Alarm. The Telephone was their first resort. It was dead, the wires having been cut in accord with the elaborate plans of the murderous Expedition.

A courier was sent to the home of Captain J. H. Ennis, Member of the Legislature from Baldwin County, and commandant of the Baldwin Blues, the detachment of Militia in Milledgeville. Messengers were also dispatched to the homes of other Officials. Within an incredibly short time, a squad of pursuers was in full flight.

The Telephone and Telegraph wires had been severed. This had been done by the two “advance” men sent ahead of the Lynchers. Because of their unfamiliarity with the Telegraph and Telephone Systems, however, the “advance” workers had overlooked a single Telegraph strand connecting Milledgeville with Augusta. Over this wire was flashed the first news of the liberation. And it was over the wire that *The Constitution's* information was gained shortly after midnight.

ONE CAR DETOURED TO MISLEAD PURSUERS.

The minuteness of detail with which the tragedy was executed indicated a master mind at Lynchcraft. Foreseeing instant pursuit, a single car, loaded with at least seven or eight Lynchers, was detoured in the vicinity of Eatonton, turned into the

Roadway that leads to the Bridge spanning Little River, with instructions to decoy pursuers with gun shots.

The detached Machine sped to the River Bridge, and there fired desultory volleys, sprinkling their shells over the ground when they had been ejected.

The oncomers heard the shots and hastened in their direction. But the fleeing Machine, when its decoying mission was finished, sped up, skirted a few country byways, and rejoined the main body of Lynchers. The discovery of shells, which smelled of new-burnt powder, sprinkled along the River's Edge, created the Report published in Atlanta Tuesday that Frank's body had been discovered at that spot.

The decoy worked splendidly. The Posse was, momentarily, diverted. Presently, however, they renewed the trail, finding, in the dawning light, the Path of Chains that covered the rear tires of each of the fugitive Autos. These Chain Tracks were followed for two miles or so, when they suddenly disappeared, giving place to the tread of bare tires.

The fugitives had cunningly foreseen even this possibility, and had gone to the trouble and delay of detaching their chains, so that their tire tracks might not be distinguished from those of the ordinary Auto Traffic.

Skirting Eatonton, and keeping to the less traveled roadways, the fleeing Machines rushed on to Roswell and into the Homestretch to the Grove in which the lynching was staged.

**RIFLES BRISTLED
FROM EVERY CAR.**

Frank was bound and manacled, sitting upright on the rear seat of the forward Machine. In the tonneau beside him sat four men. The muzzles of rifles bristled from the car—from all, in fact. But what Frank said, what the men who were to slay him said to him, is not known.

The Lynchers' Autos were seen by William Frey in the wakening sun as they sped by his house, a stone's throw from the scene of the lynching. A customarily early riser, he was standing upon his porch as the line of Machines swept by.

Oddly enough—perhaps by intuition, more than anything else, he, like all other natives of Cobb County, having heard, read and seen so much of the Frank Case—he recognized the features of the famous Prisoner sitting in the tonneau, clad in his Prison Night Shirt.

“Well, I guess it won't be long until Mary Phagan's vindicated,” he remarked to the Household as he reentered the Doorway to get his hat and travel up the Road. “I saw 'em hauling Frank up the Road just now,” he added, and, donning his hat, departed up the Road, trudging in the dust, eyes directed along the wayside for signs of the Lynchers.”

FREY THE FIRST TO REACH SCENE.

He was one of the first to reach the scene. The Lynchers had deserted the spot. It was in the Woodland Thicket adjoining Frey's ginhouse, and directly across the Road from the Cottage in which Mary Phagan once lived with her parents. The trees composing the Grove are huge Oaks, covered with heavy foliage.

Frank's body swung in the slight breeze from the limb of a Hollow Oak in the Heart of the thicket. Directly beneath his swaying feet ran a curving footpath, which led to a group of benches on the inside fringe of the Grove. The body wore only a nightshirt, made of the plain, homespun cloth of Prison Garb, the only distinctive mark being the lettering, "L.M.F.," crocheted upon the left breast, over the Heart, by the fingers of his wife. A trickle of blood had run from the gaping wound in the throat—inflicted by William Creen a month ago in his murderous Prison assault—down to the embroidered initials, and there had stopped, absorbed in the tiny mounds of cotton thread. The slayers had fashioned a robe of crocus sack to cover the lower portions of the swinging body.

That Frank was alive at the time he was strung up is undisputed. His body was warm, and there was still a faint throb of pulse when it was first discovered.

His feet were bound with bundling cord, and a pair of new steel cuffs gripped his wrists. The noose around his throat was after the design of the professional hangman. It ran from the Circle of Hemp around the throat up underneath the chin, and, as in Legal Hangings, threw the head far back upon the shoulders.

The Lynchers had fitted a handkerchief across Frank's eyes, and tied it at the back like a blindfold.

He was strangled to death. Slowly drawn from the ground, he undoubtedly flayed the air in the Death agonies to strangulation, instead of the instantaneous death by disjointment of the neck, created by the customary "drop" through the gallows.

Then, as silently as they had come, the Lynchers stole away.

***Mob Hanging
Better
Than Judicial
Murder
Says John M.
Slaton***

Former Governor
Declares

There Are Conditions About the Frank Case Which Constitute Tribute to Georgia.

San Francisco, August 17.—In an address today to the San Francisco Center of the California Civic League, former Governor John M. Slaton of Georgia, who commuted the Death Sentence of Leo M. Frank to Life Imprisonment, declared he would prefer to have Frank lynched by a Mob than to have him hanged by Judicial mistake, because “one reached the Soul of Civilization, the other merely reached the body.”

Mr. Slaton’s address, devoted almost entirely to discussion of the Frank Case and the lynching of Frank, was delivered in the

presence of a majority of Members of the California Supreme Court and other prominent persons, Members of the League.

In his address, Mr. Slaton said:

"I would prefer Frank to be lynched by a Mob rather than that he be hanged by Judicial mistake. One attacks the Soul of Civilization; the other merely reaches the body. This has been such a lesson to Georgia that I hope it will never occur again in our Civilization."

"There are conditions about the Frank Case which constitute a tribute to the State of Georgia. No wonder it is difficult to open the Ears of Georgians to reason. They forget the identity of the Offender in the magnitude of the Offense."

"There were many good people—as good as I—who disagreed with me because, they said, I set aside the verdict of a Jury and interfered with the Functions of a duly exercised Court of Law. But when these people find out the truth of the Frank Case, their general condemnation of me will turn to general approval and they will know that I saved the State from a stain which never could have been eradicated."

"Consummate Outrage."

Mr. Slaton was informed this morning that Frank had been lynched.

"The Act was a consummate outrage," said Mr. Slaton, "and every man engaged in the lynching should be hanged, for he is an Assassin. Such an Act is contrary to the Civilization of Georgia, and one which every good Citizen will condemn."

"I could use no language too condemnatory. I believe the Governor of Georgia will use all the power of the State to punish the malefactors who disgraced the Civilization of Georgia."

“Their Act was one of cowardice, which belongs alone to the Assassin.”

Shocked and Horrified.

“I am shocked and horrified beyond expression. Any man who approves of this action of this Mob of murderers is unworthy to be a Georgian. Any man or newspaper who condones this Offense ought to be driven out of the State. But the conduct of this miserable Mob of Assassins is the conduct of the same sort of people who shoot people from behind a fence or murder a woman from a cowardly heart.”

Mr. and Mrs. Slaton, in about a week, will go to San Diego to visit the Panama-California Exposition, and afterwards will return to their home in Georgia.

“Of course I’m not afraid to return to Georgia,” he said. “This act of lynching Leo Frank is not that of the good people of my State. It’s the Act of a few Criminals. I’m going to spend the rest of my life in Georgia. I’ll be back home by the middle of September.”

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GEORGIA’S SHAME!

Leo M. Frank, a Life Prisoner in the State Penitentiary, where he was sent by conjoint Decree of the Courts and the Executive Clemency Power, has been taken from the State Prison Farm, carried more than 150 miles through the Country and lynched by a Mob, which left his body hanging to a tree near Marietta.

In that Act, the Sovereignty of the State of Georgia has been assaulted, desecrated, raped. No word in the language is too

strong to apply to the deliberate and carefully conspired deed of the Mob. The assault of the lowest Criminal upon the life, person or property of another, affects directly but two persons, the Assailant and his victim; that Act of the Mob which lynched Leo Frank has put a stain upon the escutcheon of a State which more than 2,500,000 people are trying to preserve untarnished.

Every man, woman and child in Georgia will feel the ultimate effect of that Act of the law-defying Mob which went to Milledgeville and lynched not Leo Frank, who is only a detail in the awful story, but the State itself. It is Georgia, Georgia law and Justice, that was hanged upon that Cobb County tree.

The strangest part about it all is that it occurred at all. There is not a man, woman or child of reasonable age in Georgia but could have predicted the possibility of this wantonly unlawful tragedy. Most of all, those State Authorities responsible for Prison Safety should have known the attempt would probably be made. In the well-known state of public feeling, emphasized by repeated threats and rumors of violence to the Prisoner, and further incited by a murderous assault upon the particular Prisoner by an inmate of the same Penitentiary Camp, it was the duty of those State Authorities, their sworn duty, to go to every necessary extent to prevent that Act of violence in which Georgia's shame is now indelibly written.

They owed it not only to the Prisoner, but to the State; they owed it to Georgia, the Sanctity of whose law has been the one real issue, and now the thing most wantonly violated. And yet that Mob of twenty-five men secured a Prisoner whom the State was obligated to protect, carried him away and lynched him; took him without the necessity of breaking a lock or firing a shot.

If a similar handful of the Prisoner's friends had eluded the vigilance of the Prison Board and its deputies, gone to the State

Farm, handcuffed Farm Officials, silenced the inadequate Guard and rescued the Prisoner without the firing of a Defensive Gun or other effort to prevent his carrying off, the people of Georgia would have demanded prompt and vigorous investigation to fix the responsibility for the escape.

It is equally the duty of the constituted State Authorities now, first to find and place the responsibility for the carrying off the lynching of this Prisoner, and the wanton assault upon the Law; second, to search out and locate each and every Member of that Lawless Mob and administer merited Punishment for a deed that has hanged a millstone around the neck of Georgia.

It was all very well when this Case, or, for that matter any other, was in the process of Court Adjudication to discount outside criticism which might often have been based upon inadequate or distorted knowledge of the Facts; but where is the answer to the indisputable Charge that Georgia has permitted a handful of men to prostrate her sovereignty in the dust?" We may ignore those who tell untruths about us, knowing that a wanton falsehood harms its perpetrator most; but in the face of the merited finger of accusation, we can only hang our heads in shame.

Georgia cannot retrieve the act for which, by the World she is held responsible; for which, through failure of her Officials, responsibility rests upon her. There is but one even approximately adequate answer she can make, and that is Punishment of the Offenders—Punishment of the slayers of a State's Prisoner, of the Assailants of the Sovereignty of a State.

It matters not how the Decrees of a Court or Courts may be modified through Legal Process, it is the duty, the sworn duty, of those Officers charged by law with their Execution to uphold them. For the first time, perhaps, since the murder of Mary Phagan, those convinced of the innocence of Leo Frank as well as

those who believe in his guilt share a common view: That Georgia herself has been tied by the neck and dragged through the mud. The Record of Monday night's Mob delivery and Execution writes a page in Georgia's History which every Georgian will read with shame.

Georgia has suffered too often and too much through the ordinary lynching were the Passions of men, inflamed by outrageous Crime, have prompted them to take a Prisoner still wet from the blood of his victim, and hang him to a tree. Even there, a Palliative Excuse is lacking. But the act of the Mob which went into the State Penitentiary where the legally modified Decree of the Courts was in process of Execution, is suggestive of approach to anarchy.

We may regret and deplore, but the stain is there. In it the name and the identity of Leo Frank are but an atom. The great question others will ask is, "What surety can Georgia offer of the Enforcement of Constitutional Rights and the Protection of the Laws?" We at home know, but what shall we answer, to those who cite specific Cases to the contrary?

Georgia owes it to herself and to her future to go to the bottom of this tragedy and not to rest until she has erased that stain insofar as it is possible for Official effort to wipe it out.
